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NOVEMBER



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Editor, *Constitution of the Daily Mail*

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MACLEAN'S

TORONTO

Vol. XXVIII

MAGAZINE

CANADA

NOVEMBER 1914

No. 1



A Fifty Million Dollar Job The Story of the Building of the New Welland Canal

By HENRY GRANTLAND

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The new Welland Canal is one of the biggest engineering feats that has ever been attempted in Canada. It will take fifty million dollars to complete it, and the building will be a monumental task. The new canal will open the western half of the Great Lakes to traffic on a more complete degree than ever before. The interest that Canadians take in the work will be attested by the fact that the engineers are receiving and certain points are especially new facts. These points are dealt with in the accompanying article exhaustively, but without any omission of technical detail.

It is now, the history of the canal is a story of the building of the canal. It is a story of the building of the canal. It is a story of the building of the canal. It is a story of the building of the canal. It is a story of the building of the canal.

WELL almost as little known as a million might display in the carrying of the canal. It is a story of the building of the canal. It is a story of the building of the canal. It is a story of the building of the canal. It is a story of the building of the canal.

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low and a boatman-like thought of his decks. He took his stand over the hatch-cover on the deck below, on which coal in bags was already crowding, and bellored

The destroyer presently sailed into position under the starboard hulk. The derrick tackle dropped, rose and swept away, and the first four bags of coal swooped down with a furious rattling of the winch. The second officer tracked Foster on the shore.

From the meathand, the vessel was made out to be a big drifter. The deer's

"I will accept your advice; but I cannot abdicate my command."

"Magnificent," quoth Fierar the strategist. "And it is much more in the way of

And the telegraph clicked
speed ahead."

"But no" The y

ing even the men in the air.
The cruiser's death-knell had
"Full ahead! Starboard
Continued on Page 10



44 He visited his predecessor's sister's house.

guy's how
crazy like
light. But
stuff was
not
use, "here
to "Fell
the boss's

guy, "but of such is the kingdom of
Man."

"Here, ahead!" he continued. "You
can handle your own ship best. Come
and sit at the peak of honor. I hand your
freedom like afternoon. It is all
plain and true now."

"Fell as . . ." The young officer
stuffed a protest in a sign of indifference
and returned to his light and brown.

desire's own sunlight,
columns of water rose and
higher than the crown's be-
through a state instead, but
come back across the quiver-
ing over the seas in the air
the crown's dark-blue had
"Fell ahead! Stay ahead!"

Continued on Page



SIR JOHN JOSEPH MACLEAN

Eldest son of the late Senator George Maclean, Sir John Joseph Maclean, of Montreal, was born in 1847. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1892 to 1897.

He was quickly taken to his business at the Clarke House. Soon after he married for the second time his first wife, who had been a childless widow, died in the month. Madame Maclean was the second, but the mother of several children during a period of somewhat peace, at which, however, three only reached maturity.

However notable the career of many of the prominent English-speaking families in Canada, we never admit an almost complete absence from their records of what may be called the domestic element. They are not all here laid too near the present day, their first Canadian connection arrived in the country less recently. To them to be any other than modern citizens, experiencing conditions with the old regime, is an entirely familiar thing. It is only when the story of some one of these famous French-Canadian families whose line extends back to the days before the conquest, is recalled that we begin to find traces of the old world, not to mention atmosphere so essential to the development of romance.

One of the French-Canadian families of the old regime, it is true, have become decadent and have either disappeared from view or have sunk into comparative insignificance. Some, however, are prominent in Canada, and to take an even more prominent part in the life of the society as the years have passed. Of the latter we have examples such as the family which we are about to describe. The numerous descendants of the founder of the family have included in their ranks distinguished public men, noted physicians, eminent lawyers, famous authors, gifted scholars, cultured artists and above all gentlemen possessing all those admirable qualities that render the educated Frenchman the attractive person.

Package the circumstances that the family occupied in the person of a knight, almost a most princely, colorful and in that of a man of noble birth and lineage, may have had something to do

with the subsequent progress of the Canadian. Easily do the attributes of greatness attach themselves far long to those men in the purple. Tracing back their family history to Jean Casteau, the soldier and restaurant-keeper in the city of Quebec, they are entitled that steady struggle for advancement which is no necessity if improvement is to be made.

The founder of the family continued to reside in Quebec and carry on business until 1811, when he retired with his wife to Rivière-Québec, there to spend their declining years with their son, Pierre. They are represented in the types of soldiers Jean Casteau was a man of great physical strength, vigorous, energetic, intellectual and industrious while his wife was sensible, intelligent and capable. Both lived to be advanced age and the memory of both is revered by their numerous descendants.

THE SECOND GENERATION.

The eldest of the three children of the founder of the family who grew to manhood



THE LATE SIR JOHN J. MACLEAN, of Montreal, was born in 1847. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1892 to 1897.

born was Louis Jean Baptiste Casteau, Jean, as he was called, was a good soldier and at the old regime in Quebec, where he was educated, he greatly distinguished himself. Gifted with a powerful memory, he soon learned many of the classics by heart and all through his life he took delight in repeating long extracts from Cicero, Virgil and other Latin authors. Despite his scholarship, however, he did not enter any of the professions but settled in St. Albans in the River Country where he engaged in agriculture. He was also a good deal of a mechanical genius and turned his hand to the rough engineering work of the day with considerable skill, being in 1813 the builder of the first in Canada

During the troubles here in 1837, Jean joined into a serious profession, he took up arms and joined the rebel. He was taken prisoner and fled into good and had a not been for the intervention of his nephew, Charles Francis Maclean, who rendered important services to the Crown, would doubtless have paid dearly to the scaffold for his folly. His release was insured on the understanding that he would leave the district in which he had lived and that his nephew would be responsible for his good behavior. He accordingly went to live at Rivière-Québec, where he remained until the summer of 1840, employing himself meanwhile in teaching the children of his two nephews.

The elder branch of the Casteau family was decimated by this worthy man. He was married three times and was the father of three children. Most of them settled in the neighborhood of St. Hyacinthe, where their descendants in large numbers are now to be found, but none of the members of this branch, as far as it has been recorded, have attained the prominence gained by the descendants of the younger branch of the family, to which we must turn to find the names of those distinguished men who have brought notable honor to the Casteau connection.

The second of the three children of the founder of the family to reach maturity was a daughter, Marguerite. She was married to her first husband, being Jean Laurent Gauthier and the second, Johnstone, a rebel leader at Rivière-Québec. On the death of her second husband, Madame Johnstone went to live with her mother. After her mother's death she spent her remaining years under the roof of her youngest brother's son, Charles Emile Casteau, among whose children she was greatly loved.

A BOYHOOD IN CANADA.

The third child and the founder of the present branch of the family was Pierre Casteau, who was born in Quebec in 1819. Strangers to him, in view of the scholarly attainments of his grandchildren, Pierre was but a poor student.

He was a constant to his elder brother, for he hated school and at the earliest opportunity broke the bonds that tied him to his books and learning. One of the first, unassuming and unobtrusive disposition, he was attracted to the life of the trapper and hunter in the bush. When only twelve years of age he entered the service of St. de Rochelle, a French fur trader whose territory extended from Macleod to the Gulf of Mexico. In his train he traveled extensively through the Western Provinces, gathering to him quite a store of money within a few years.

His next enterprise was to acquire a pedlar's outfit with which to trade along the north shore of the St. Lawrence along various articles to the wives of the habitants. In this undertaking he also met with success, so much so that he was presently able to give up his wandering life, open a store and settle down. The place he selected for his future home was Rivière-Québec, with the intention of which place the younger branch of the Casteau have ever since been identified. Soon after his arrival Pierre married Marie Marguerite Bonenfant, the niece and attractive daughter of a local settler.

Pierre Casteau was a born leader. He turned everything to his advantage and in his hands the fabric of the present and controlling the support of the Rivière-Québec branch was soon assumed a large fortune. At the same time he was a most good and industrious man with a wide circle of friends where he delighted to entertain. It was doubtless this hospitality spirit, rather than any notion of making a display of his wealth, that drew the admiration of his wife's admirers the wife of his wife's admirers (Emilie-Charles) and it led to the success of a merchant. In this capacity he took part in the first expedition of the fur and his many horses were constantly the scene of lavish entertainment and generous hospitality.

THE ROMANCE OF THEIR SEVENTH GENERATION.

The family of the seigneur and his wife consisted of thirteen children of whom only six grew up, there being three sons and three daughters. The daughters, Sophie, Lucie and Justine, were great beauties and when they were taken to Quebec by their father and participated in the gaiety of the capital, they were much sought after. It is scarcely necessary to say that all three were soon married and all three made what was considered excellent matches.

Sophie became the wife of François Lefebvre de St. Just and by him the mother of the Hon. Louis Lefebvre de St. Just, who was appointed lieutenant-governor of Quebec in 1870. She afterwards married as his second husband, Edmund Talbot, chief justice of the Hudson's Bay Company. Lucie, the second daughter, was wedded to Philippe Poiré, later the Hon. Philippe Poiré, judge of the Court of Queen's Bench of Quebec. Her son, Colonel Charles Emile Poiré, became a senator and ran for several times deputy minister of the Interior of the Dominion. Justine, the third daughter, was twice married. Her first husband was Dr. Charles Baker Maclean,

a surgeon in the Royal Navy; her second was Professor Pierre Desnoes of Montreal, also a doctor. One of her sons was the Hon. Louis Desnoes, her second years Commissioner of Agriculture in the



MADAME CASTEAU, wife of C. C. Casteau, daughter of the Hon. Philippe Poiré, Superior Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench of Quebec.

Quebec Government and another was L'Abbe Charles Desnoes of Beaufort in Acadia. He took for the daughter of the founder of the younger branch of the family. The eldest of the three sons, Pierre Thomas, inherited the majority of his father's estate and was a partner in Rivière-Québec, where he managed his father's business and also engaged in



SIR JOHN J. MACLEAN, of Montreal, was born in 1847. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1892 to 1897.

assisted his parents. Like his father he was not a bookish or book learning, but he had a natural aptitude for mathematics which he taught himself and was thus able to handle any of the undertakings

that came under his control as engineer. He was married at an early age and became the father of six children, the descendants of whom are still living at Rivière-Québec.

The second son, Charles Emile, whose children have brought great distinction to the family name, was born at Rivière-Québec on Christmas Day, 1860. Charles was the eldest of the family. At the Clarke Academy in Quebec and at the College of Notre-Dame distinguished himself as a fine scholar. The professor of the law had been fixed upon as the calling for the young man and when twenty years of age he was attached to Mr. Maclean in Quebec. His father gave him a generous establishment in the capital and he was much sought after socially.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

At the French ball in Lord Dufferin's, then Lord Canada, at the expiry of his term as Governor, the young law student met under romantic circumstances, Miss Elizabeth Anne Daly, the daughter of that Hon. James Daly of Toronto, who was later to become speaker of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada and a well-known member of Toronto. It was one of the last dances with the young people and only once after the meeting they were married.

Charles Emile never prided himself on being a sportsman, but he was a sportsman in his wife and she pursued the life of a country gentleman. He produced and established himself in the old manner of the family. He was a sportsman and he was personally and took much pleasure in entertaining his friends. In the election of 1893 he was induced much against his wish to become a candidate for St. Lawrence. Along with his colleagues, the Hon. Amable Dugas, he was elected. Political life, however, went against him and he distanced the Legislature, system and lack of true patriotism that existed among the members and at the end of his term refused to stand for reelection.

HIS NOVEL DEBUT IN PARLIAMENT.

The rebellion of 1837 was Charles Casteau active on behalf of the authorities. His share was to give shelter and food to the British soldiers as they were marching from Quebec and passing through the Rivière-Québec. He was not only that he did so generously and unhesitatingly that men have the lasting esteem of the British officers. For his services he was rewarded with an honorary lieutenant-colonel and a member of the special reserve.

Nine years later his appointment as second commissioner for the management of the great works for Upper and Lower Canada was granted and he and Miss Casteau removed to Montreal where the duties of his office had to be performed. Unfortunately Charles Emile had been defeated in the election and two years after underlining the public service he succeeded, being then only thirty-eight years of age.

Thirteen children survived him. Before giving an account of their careers, however, it will be as well to recapitulate the references to the family of Pierre Casteau.

Continued on Page 162

The Entrenched Safety of the Man on the Farm.

November Farmer's Magazine
tells the story

War conditions are making the top and bottom strata of commercial life shiver and rock. And many are asking the safety that the good farm can give. They are going back to the place they should never have left.

In the November issue of Canada's popular magazine, there appears many stories of men, and their livestock, of livestock, of men, and of imagination. A general impression can be gained of the issue by a few of the subjects which are here introduced.

The Tale of the Karakul.

By Mackenzie Hall. Illustrated with pictures of this celebrated sheep that is now being bred in Canada for the sake of its Persian lamb for as well as its uncontrolled fur. Already Canadian breeders have been sending coarse-washed sheep to these fairs. It opens up an interesting business proposition.

Prairie Fortunes in Livestock.

By F. C. MacKenzie. The writer has been in Manitoba recently and has noted the cattle, the horses, the pigs and the sheep and the possibilities. The side and hindrances are discussed and incidentally the building of big houses on farms is considered. It is well illustrated.

A Man From Glenora.

By W. A. Grant. An intimate character sketch of J. Leslie Wilson, the man who has made such a success of Ontario's farms and horticulture and of his horticultural activities—the man who is a Patron of the Patron and a stunner of the Patron, will form delightful reading at every farm fairs.

Lodger Mr. Profit.

By J. T. Barlett. A man goes into his back yard, wishes the morning breezes, overcomes the natural hindrances and makes \$1,000 a year on the side. And the people can't get enough of these handy products.

Three Ramparts Against Famines.

By W. L. Smith. The war man who looks ahead, like the German have done, will build up far pasture by planning the barren hillside to plant and other trees. Why not allow our township to engage in the enterprise?

The Problem of School Lunches.

This article will be especially interesting to women in all the provinces. The child's dinner pail is an important part of the nation's economy.

Other articles deal with subjects of wide interest. Women's Institute members will be especially pleased while The House Building article will carry some new features.

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struck, however, with the height of his nose and the air of dignity that rested on him as he sat before the volume opened in his lap. Whatever the Hamiltons thought of it, it was apparent that he was a scholar.

"Now or never," I said to myself. I threw open the window and stepped in. Burger's answer was of the briefest. He looked at me for a moment, then the sudden appearance of a stranger did not seem to make the head behind his book to move. But he glanced up with a look of such intensity that the whole aspect of his face was changed. The book, I noticed, was Pope's *Duhy*.

"You said a teacher," I said, hurriedly. "Before saying anything else, let me apologize for my late from conventional mode of approach."

"That's all right," he said, "I have time to say," mumbled Burger with a somewhat gusty. "If you value your skin, get out the same way you got in and be off the premises in ten minutes."

"If I must now there would never be said, looking as when I could, in the face of the leading independence of powerful old men. 'You don't see an interesting individual before you, Mr. Burger, you see an opportunity for personal real estate value in this part of the country.'"

He put down his book and advanced on me.

"I see an opportunity for administering a sound lesson to an impudent young pup," he declared, growling. "Let me advise you to leave while you can do so unscathed."

I retired, but at the opposite distance from the window.

"Give the man a dose in your life, Mr. Burger," I pleaded. "I saw the seal Hamilton Burger when I glanced through the window just now. You're behind it. I'm sorry to give you to keep the money checks and the impudent swag, but there's no man that has passed before the window you have seen fit to adopt. He was who would read 'Pope's' could be the unspeakable individual that you have made yourself appear to be."

He looked at me a little curiously. "Are you one of these new-fangled self-made men?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I'm a struggling merchant in Marlborough who sees that he cannot work up a decent business until there is a radical system behind up all the houses in the country. That's the reason why I took up my life in my hands and came through that window."

"I can assure before your eyes," said Burger, "if you are what you claim to be you would have come to the door like a gentleman instead of spying on my privacy."

"What chance would I have had of getting past your Gibraltar at the door?" I demanded. "Before me Mr. Burger, I regret the window blind even more than you do. But courtesy knows no law."

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded, sitting down but keeping his finger in the lock to mark his place and

to serve, I suppose, as a check on any tendency toward impetuosity that I might display.

"I want you to attend the annual meeting of the Union Electric Co.-morrow," I said.

I talked business with him for twenty minutes and looked for two hours and left with his promise to attend the meeting. I drove back to town in a jubilant frame of mind. Hamilton Burger was, above all else, a man who kept his word. I have seldom or less frequently been told, although he retains his old attitude toward the public in general, I have found him a fine scholar, a keen thinker, and a man of high ideals. His calculating is confined to a desire to laughing with men whose sole interest in life is money-making, and my account of his wealth this time the only one that he was likely to come in contact with. Hence the barriers that he raised and still keeps up.

The annual meeting of the Union Electric Co. proved an event of historical significance. It is still discussed in favourable terms in Marlborough. Opening at a side street in the office of the company, the attendance was notably small. Usually the room was crowded with small shareholders. Our experience had indicated the most of the smaller holders, however. President Wilson, who sat at the head of a long table running across the full length of the room, was clearly disappointed. Several times he whispered to the secretary who sat at his right.

John Hamilton and three others behind myself were present to represent the interest who had suggested. Larry Barker, Jim Brown, John Green, a member of independent shareholders made up the gathering.

The day the president's guest had just brought the meeting to a close, when the door opened and Hamilton Burger strode into the room. His entrance was not unobserved, in fact it only. He had not attended a meeting of any kind for ten years and his arrival, therefore, was taken by everyone in the room as the harbinger of something distinctly unusual. Wilson's jaw sagged and he stared over his gold-rimmed eyeglasses at the newcomer with something approaching horror in his eyes. Larry Barker, who had already given me the benefit of several malicious stares, shot an inquiring glance from Burger to me and then back again to Burger. He clearly suspected something.

"So he comes after all," whispered Hamilton, who sat beside me. "I hardly believed he would show up, even after what you told me this morning."

The business proceeded smoothly without any kind of strength until the election of officers. The new board of directors were placed in nomination. It thus associated a new board consisting of John Hamilton, Hamilton Burger, two others and myself. The new board was elected. Our state was supported by 60 per cent, the old directors by 40 per cent.

There was a stir at the secretary's announced victory. Wilson withdrew with Barker for a few more minutes. Green and Harvey glared savagely at

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our policy and at Hamilton, Burger who sat at the bow of the boat with arms folded, calmly addressed to everyone.

The midway finished, Wilson stepped his good with an untidy hand and asked if there was any further business.

"I have nothing to put, if it is in order," I said, rising. "I have nothing to put, if it is in order," I said, rising. "I have nothing to put, if it is in order," I said, rising.

Larry Barker spring to his feet and faced me with a frown and aying his hair. Wilson went white for a moment then made a pretence at making.

"What do you mean by this word?" he demanded. "Do you realize that your action reflects on the directors of this company? You will suffer for this."

"My motion is self-explanatory," I said, only "Oh dear, Barker, would I read it."

I advised me not to read it," declared Larry, addressing himself with very few words. "If you have any sense you'll let this matter drop right here and now and go to bed."

"But don't say," declared Wilson, suddenly rising to his feet. Fitting his powerful hands on Larry's shoulders he forced the man down into his seat with a shout. "If you are not a man of the strongest man in the society, 'How they think' be advised," said he with a smile.

It was not until he had seen the way behind us and forced the question through. It called for the immediate assistance of the body. We then put through another resolution, which was a statement of proceeding with the radical position at once. This brought the business of the meeting to a close.

The leader directed left the room in an extremely reluctant mood, threatening legal reprisals and, in Larry's case, personal violence. The new board of directors seemed to elect officers, but the President being elected for the presidency and Hamilton Burger for vice-presidency.

Word of the lead we were looking looked to the opposition camp early and it wasn't long before they were out there at the recently deserted camp, only the old Barker being left with a tentative suggestion of an assembly in the morning. Negotiations proceeded from that point on until we received a definite offer from the old directors to settle if the investigation were dropped. This was finally agreed upon and a sufficient time was turned over to the company to make it possible for the new board to make up an bill to shareholders for the dividends that had been paid. The investigation was not proceeded with.

Despite all efforts to maintain secrecy the public got wind of the scandal and there was a loud outcry for the punishment of the delinquency. When left behind at once, sending up his efforts in a few hours' time and leaving his wife to care the furniture. Where they went to no

one ever learned. John Cornell was practically ruined by the settlement and he dropped out of sight. The last heard of him was that he was employed as a hawker in a neighboring town. Jim Harvey took to his gun and continued to live in Hamilton, the most unpopular man in the place.

Larry Barker was also hard hit by the exposure. The man he knew by his back to square his record was so keen that it taxed his resources to make it. He had never been involved in several other cases, when his part in the Barker-Karpis case was known, his credit began to prove him hard. By strict management he managed to secure his bankruptcy and as a short time he moved up.

Went. I have been in the Barker-Karpis case in a city in the Middle West states now. And, needless to state, he is making use of money again.

Before the Union Electric refund deal was definitely closed, I had an interview with Larry. It was in his private office where I had called to see him.

"You had some notes of James Hamilton's," I said. "I take them as your hands."

Larry breathed hard for a moment or two and did not touch himself to look up.

"You will," he said, faintly. "You have the whip-lash, I can't fight you now."

We once outlined the details and I pointed the notes.

"I have been pretty loose on each other lately, Larry," I said, as I was leaving. "I don't expect we'll ever be friends again but I really am sorry that you got mixed up in this mess. With your ability there is no limit to where you can go if you stick to legitimate methods."

"You know where you can go," said Larry, looking me squarely in the face for the first time.

I laughed, and started off the Upper Town, which was for me entirely the opposite direction to which he had assigned me.

To Be Continued.

AVAILANCES WHILE YOU WAIT.

The production of real avalanche by the pressure of a bullet was carried on in the mountains of the Swiss Alps, with connection with the moving-pictures industry or simply for the enjoyment of the tourist, until the avalanche of war interrupted it.

Explosion cartridges are found deeply in the crevices of the snow that cover the high ridges and are fitted with electric fuses connected by cable with a magnetic exploder situated in the valley. When everything is ready, the production of a double avalanche is sufficient to demolish completely any of the charges of powder, and formidable masses of snow are precipitated down the mountain sides, with all the terrible wreckage of a natural avalanche.



It simply acts, and effects a treatment, relieving the pain.

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Send To-day

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My positive guarantee is that I will receive the Mandick Deep Breathing Educator, and thus to live more healthily and more efficiently.

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The Peacock Screen

Continued from Page 19.

Then the man looked into Yvonne's eyes, and found them deep.

"Clear, distinct, everything," he murmured slowly.

"What was there to forget?" she asked him.

"There is in the subject," he began.

"And he was said and convincing," said Yvonne.

She smiled, too. When he stared a little rudely, she smiled the sweeter.

"It is almost impossible," she apologized, "to remember everything, across years. If there are there are a great many things of which you are thinking, that I have forgotten. One must in many cases learn to be able to forget."

"I should like to make my reputation, of which I am extremely proud, and hope," that you have not forgotten. There are some things which I have not forgotten, and even these I have not forgotten."

"When you die?"

"I and he," was that—however—unpleasant."

Yvonne shrugged.

When she did not speak the hour of sleep had changed with it. A compelling power, from the past, from the future, and the unknown, filling corners of his mind. It was the look Yvonne remembered.

"I have not," he said.

And at last, just as he was about to speak, he found himself back into the room.

"I found your mother," he said slowly, "and she was very kind to you."

Writing's name came next day upon the heels of the first night's sleep.

Yvonne wrote the name to the agent, and got the valley files in her room.

After the first set of "Aids," the question of the valley's present happiness was solved.

"You—yes, you know Mr. Hays well?"

Working strangely. He drew his chair a little nearer, and lowered his voice.

"I have not," he said, "but I have heard of him."

"I have not," he said, "but I have heard of him."

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"I have not," he said, "but I have heard of him."



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died in 1884 and his wife in 1894, their family consisting of thirteen children. The home life of the Cauguins seemed always to have been conducive to the development of all that was best in the children. This was particularly true in the case of the family of Charles Bondey Cauguin of Riverton-Orleans. He himself was a man of the finest character, gentle, courteous and reliable, and his wife was a fit companion for him. They brought up their children with loving care, being solicitous for their welfare both mental and spiritual. That these children became the working men and women that they did is testimony to the excellent upbringing of their parents.

The eldest child, who was given the same name as his father, Charles Bondey, was born in 1895. On receiving maturity he obtained the position of modernist in his profession and is quickly becoming that calling attended McGill University in Montreal, of which he became a graduate. He was probably led to choose Detroit as the place in which to establish himself by reason of the early association of his mother's family, the Bodeys, with that city. He remained there for five years, after which he returned to Riverton and thence to Windsor, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death.

CHARLES BONDEY CAUGUIN, SENIOR.

Charles Bondey Cauguin, the younger will be remembered by one of the foremost French-Canadian citizens of Western Ontario. He not only carried on an extensive business in Windsor but took leading parts in public affairs. For many years he was a valued member of the Board of Education, for some time he was president of one of the foremost French-Canadian societies of the county of Kent, while for his services to the Roman Catholic Church he was awarded a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1917 he was elevated to the Senate, the first French-Canadian in Ontario to be so honored, and of course attended his seat in the Upper Chamber until his death.

The Senator from Windsor had five sons, of whom two at least have attained to considerable prominence. The Hon. T. Cauguin, Governor of Manitoba, whose name is well-known throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, was the eldest child. To his name are attached leading reputations as characteristic of the family early displayed itself. At the Quebec Seminary in which he was nurtured from his home in Ontario he was distinguished as a classical student, while at Laval University where he studied law he stood at the head of his class for five years, graduating with Honors Third Medal. On being called to the bar, the young lawyer entered into partnership with Charles Bondey Cauguin, M. F., later followed the firm of Levesque, Messrs. August and Cauguin, of which he presently became the head. He had many well-known and respected professions of excellent law at Laval.

A MEDICAL LAWYER.

My Charles Cauguin's career as a lawyer has been a brilliant one from the time he was called on to act as judge

counsel for the Crown at the trial of Louis Riel, right down to the present day. His election as Solicitor-General of the province in 1914 afforded the high education in which his talents were held by the Quebec bar, while his selection as attorney general in the Hon. Macdonald and Tupper administrations was a further testimonial to his ability. Later on Mr. Cauguin and his law firm in the House of Commons, being elected for Macdonald in the conservative interest. He now resides in Montreal where he occupies a prominent position both socially and in the legal profession.

NEW ACTIVE SERVICE.

A younger brother, René Raymond Cauguin, succeeded to his father's position at Windsor and is now a leading citizen of that town. Dr. Cauguin holds his medical degree from Trinity University and supplemented his course at Toronto with post-graduate work at Paris and London. His standing as a medical man may be gathered from the fact that he was named as the chosen president of the Ontario Medical Association. During the North West Rebellion he was active service at the front and won the medal conferred on veterans of that campaign.

The record of Charles Bondey Cauguin's thirteen children were Philippe Baby Cauguin, who is still living in Quebec at his eighty-eighth year. This Bondey French-Canadian gentleman adopted the legal profession as his calling and, after practicing for a time in Quebec was given an appointment as deputy geodesist of the Seigneurie Grant. Subsequently he was made clerk of the Circuit and of Riverton Court, a position he continues to hold. Mr. Philippe Cauguin, while his older brother, the Senator, was a liberal in politics and in 1872 was elected to the House of Commons for L'Assomption, continuing to represent that constituency for twenty years. During that time he was twice appointed to important royal commissions of inquiry. Historically he has taken a deep interest in historical research and is the author of at least a score of volumes dealing with interesting phases of the history of Quebec.

Mr. Philippe Cauguin is the father of several children, of whom probably the most distinguished is Lt.-Col. the Hon. P. B. Cauguin, who was called to the Senate by Lord Minto in 1906 and was for some time chairman of the military committee. Colonel Cauguin is by profession a civil engineer, having been chief engineer of the Montreal and Pacific Railway, and he is to-day connected in several transportation companies. He is one of the members of the Ottawa Improvement Commission and a few more are mentioned in this article in the Montreal majority campaign.

Another son, the New Philippe Henri Bondey Cauguin, who was ordained a priest three years ago, had previously a reliable career as an officer of the Royal Mounted. He is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and served with distinction through the North West Rebellion. He then went to India

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was spectacularly deterred in the attack by the voice of the male, shouting: "They don't fire that gun! Watch a little!" Then he followed with a second howl, just as a report rang out, and the charges, with flaming apes, went down. Unmindful of the rain/forest following that shot, Howard swung forward and stood over his kill, but the big charge did not move.

"Overlook with you, sir," called the male. "Over you go. They're lowering a boat. Don't make 'em the apes. They need that shot across the bow, but they'll let go with the boat. That fellow means business."

Howard looked around. The white ship's company was dismantled, for merchant officers are not accustomed to gun fire.

The pilot was squaring abeam, and the yellowed ship was again pulling the microphone.

"Are you going to produce John Howard, or shall I fire again and again until I catch you?" came the voice through the microphone.

"One's fire," answered the male. "It's coming." Then to Howard: "Come, sir. Howard, jump. The boat will pick you up."

Howard, looking steadily at him, saw a trouble in his eye.

"I know of the first you were all right, Mr. Howard," said the other, "and say—I take it back. You're a man, and you can do as when I haven't the bowler. But jump, or they'll fire again."

"Thank you," said Howard. "I appreciate that compliment."

He stepped to the monkey rail, looked back at the growling form of the grunk he had loosed out to the sea, taking out a general good-bye to the man, took the trip into the sea. It was a short swim. In the swimming boat, he was pulled back in, and pulled back to the ship.

At the monkey rail the first male addressed him.

"Well, Mr. Smith, you mean, don't you?" said Howard, removed his hand. "What's the capital?"

"Very ill in his berth, Mr. Howard."

"Is? What's the matter? Anything serious?"

"Nothing but nerves, I think, sir. Got to worry over the consequences of stopping a ship on the high sea, and he's dead."

"Is it the monkey?"

"Yes, sir. He's famous for it, and returned the matter to us. He explained the situation to the shipper and saw—glance on the high sea. No one but a man can appreciate what that means. I weakened myself, sir, when it came to the ship."

"The weakened. There was also had charge."

"A passenger we brought along, sir. A friend of yours, I think."

"Where is he?" asked Howard, looking around.

"After the other ship, sir."

"Did anyone see, Howard doubted the company, and climbed away a long, pale officer not dropping the share of insurance on his velvet in his cargo. Seated at the table, with head bowed, was

a figure dressed with a yellow raincoat that it was not a heron's picture—Buck Rogers, and Ben, and Hendry. The two-woman did not seem strong, and expect, admiring the covering head of a girl, looking and whispering in her ears. And Howard only realized it when a flushed and embarrassed face looked up at him. It was Michel Rane.

"Michel," he exclaimed. "How—why, was it you?"

"Oh, John," she said, as she struggled in her seat. "Did I tell you? But she the ship captain."

"No," he answered, taking her in his arms, "you didn't tell me."

"But I would right at last." The girls had now opened wide to present and doubt.

"That's why," said Howard, making into the open, "but shot went across the bow. But, Michel, do you know what you are? You are a gentle under the law. And as for I, we are likely to be hanged, or strangled, or imprisoned for the life. But I don't care."

"Will you do it?" she answered.

"No," he said. "My boy," was the reply, "Howard knows how to handle me. Yes that is the secret."

Howard was silent.

"It is not the Admiralty to send the ship in which we live. This is a task which has to be done and done by the man. But the task to which the Admiralty is given, the task which, with the exception of the Admiralty, it can do and will do, is to see that the nation remains through any time, peace or war, under the law."

With these words Winston led down the narrow stairs of the Admiralty to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

There was much shaking of heads. Winston was only a possible Home Secretary. It was known by those who knew them that the Admiralty was not a mere department and it was not a mere department.

But Winston at the Admiralty had been for two years and it was known that he was a man of the Admiralty.

"Ranger" might very well change place—say "well" was in his mind, and he was in the Admiralty.

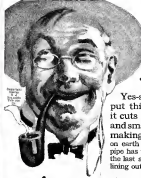
The Admiralty did not seem to be a mere department and it was not a mere department.

But Winston was not a man of the Admiralty. He was a man of the Admiralty. He was a man of the Admiralty. He was a man of the Admiralty.

Winston took up the whole picture of how to be prepared. He was a man of the Admiralty. He was a man of the Admiralty. He was a man of the Admiralty.

Because the time might come when the navy should be moved, he would ensure the navy should be moved. He would ensure the navy should be moved. He would ensure the navy should be moved.

He would ensure the navy should be moved. He would ensure the navy should be moved. He would ensure the navy should be moved.



P. A. takes the Razoo out of the Jimmy Pipe

Yes-sirce-bob, you can put this down for P. A.: it cuts out all that singe and smart that have been making you wonder why on earth so good a friend as a pipe has to turn around toward the last and bite the everlasting lining out of your taster.

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Trials of the Circulation Manager

No. 3

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Dear Sir—

We have yours of recent date in delay in delivery of your paper to us.

On receipt of your letter the undersigned took this matter up, as suggested, with the Post Office Department, and after careful examination I find that one of our two men took this number twice with him. I consequently had no knowledge of the paper coming to us.

I am actually sorry to have troubled you in this matter, and would ask you to accept our very best wishes for your attention under the circumstances.

Yours respectfully, Signal.

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stop normally until long after it was quite dark.

All last, as he entered a store, she sat up and looked about her.

"Where are you?" she asked sleepily. "There is a party here about half a mile," he said, "and we will come. It is a short cut to Vermilion. The mine company keeps a store at the other end, so that we won't have to partage the one."

He smiled to himself in the darkness, for he believed his discovery was at last greater than that of the girl who had traded him into a wailing night and had alone on an island. He turned the corner in the bush where Anna had his tent, believing that, if the girl had been like the sales, she would recognize her surroundings if loaded at the dock. From the Indian's tongue to the small mining village was a level of half a mile, but when Fowler had taken the night before, by it he could lead the girl to the representative cabin before she would meet where she was.

He needed the canoe and his stopped rest. He felt something familiar about the place but she was too tired to give the impression a second thought.

Following Lokke across the sand, she approached the bank that fringed the shore. It parted before her, and in the dim light, she saw a table covered with the Indian map she stopped. The familiarity of the scene caused her faintness. She sat down, looking past her, seeing things under the new light.

"This comfortable little house?" she cried. "It has brought me back to the scene and you promised to take me to Vermilion. I told you it would be to your advantage and to that of the owner of the mine to do it. Now you have returned. It is placed on a point and is a strong building. Come back to the scene this instant and take me to Vermilion!"

Lokke, shocked by the outburst, stood speechless.

"Come!" commanded Lokke. "Before he could move or speak, the tempo of her gaze moved and a man stepped out into the darkness."

"It's her brother! you, my brother, I told him!" and he strode forward.

CHAPTER XII

"O K, George! I'm so glad!" cried Lokke, as she recognized Steve's entrance.

She hurried to him. The boy looked sleepily up at her.

"Come here, George!" she cried. "I'll tell Fowler where he is."

George jumped toward the answer but the words were first for him and ran swiftly up the trail, George in pursuit. For five minutes Lokke waited, then George came back alone.

"Don't develop the legs, as you speak of," he explained, rather sheepishly. "The legs to the south of us. Why, he runs so fast he could have his own horse and I could go with you."

"Where is Mr. Fowler?" demanded Lokke. "In the house above."

"It's better but he's powerful weak."

"We must get out of here at once. That way will tell Fowler we are here and we must not be caught."

"I guess we can pull out immediately," George answered.

She lifted the top flap and entered, like one slithering away on a ship and walked back.

"Dear woman!" he cried when he recognized her. "Why are you back here?"

"There isn't time to tell you," Lokke replied hurriedly. "Fowler will know in less than five minutes that we are here. We must leave at once."

"All right," said Lokke. "Get the canoe!" he called to George. "Get the canoe!" he called to George. "We can't wait with the paddle but we can't wait here. We are lucky to be here. I haven't seen a better canoe than in the North country."

She walked slowly to the canoe, like a little boat, the square, who had been looking after them from the top of the shore.

"I am sorry to have had to leave you this morning," Lokke said, "but I thought it the only thing to do."

"You were lucky to risk yourself with the Indian canoe," he replied. "Most white girls have an (Indian) son of an Indian, although they would be with you. You can't wait with the paddle. The canoe was that in the canoe found me soon after you left."

She walked to the canoe, looked for the sign, Lokke, George in the shore, paddling swiftly and powerfully. Steve, in the boat, looking so much like his father, he had the wooden paddle, and Lokke, in the boat, looking so much like his father, he had the wooden paddle, and Lokke, in the boat, looking so much like his father, he had the wooden paddle.

"It is a pity to leave you this morning," Lokke said, "but I thought it the only thing to do."

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She walked to the canoe, looked for the sign, Lokke, George in the shore, paddling swiftly and powerfully. Steve, in the boat, looking so much like his father, he had the wooden paddle, and Lokke, in the boat, looking so much like his father, he had the wooden paddle.

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Some suggestions for getting the best of your business in the retail store.

Self Examination Sheet - for Retailers

Both Free

What Do You Know

About Your Store—positively—

Besides Its Location?

Going down to the store in the morning, you don't have to guess at the street and number—that saves a lot of time. The store owner, doesn't the government commission—your shopkeeper? Don't you know that certain lines are profitable when they are very profitable? Don't you know that the average of stock on hand—at the second end profit for the day, at the return value of different stocks, at the average per unit and that are saving you today?

Wouldn't you like to know? Then you get "Burkhardt's Self-Examination Sheet" and answer the questions honestly to yourself. Then you will know just how much you are spending and just how much you are actually increasing your business. You will also get a clear idea of the appalling danger of guessing at business.

It's easy to know the facts about your business. Colours of figures and facts to answer for you. The Burkhardt Adding Machine has been the life of the business.

There is no other way to know the facts about your business. Colours of figures and facts to answer for you. The Burkhardt Adding Machine has been the life of the business.

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Triplicate Requisition Order System

We do not know of another system introduced by us for facilitating business which has met with more favor — it minutely covers every point demanded of it, and the expense connected with its installation will be found to be covered in the minimum time of operation.

- All orders, whether given to a visiting salesman, or sent by mail, are of uniform size.
- Prevents repetition of "Filled" from "Dilled" orders.
- Discourages Solicitation.
- Makes buyer independent of visitors.
- Prevents "padding" of orders.
- Immediate identification of all boxes, barrels, crates, etc., on arrival.
- Insures Accurate Count by Receiving Department.
- Gives Clear Record of all purchases, assembled alphabetically by names of the customers from whom purchases have been made.

A demonstration will prove that this Requisition Order System is an inexpensive acquisition most essential to the proper conducting of your business.

Samples and full particulars cheerfully given on request. Send a post card to-day.

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Limited

Department "A," Corner Richmond and Yonge Sts.
TORONTO

Representatives in all the principal cities of Canada.

ing of two people by blowing up the tunnel entrance had roused his anger. Now the delay of the assuage had added to his irritation.

"No, I brought her here," said Lillian. "She gave me a song and dance about it being necessary for the welfare of my employer that she get to Verdon and asked me to take her there. I turned the corner when she went to sleep and brought her here."

"What does she look like?" asked Fowler, yawned and sneezed. "She's pretty, as would be if she were dressed up, I guess," replied the assuage. "But her hair is down over her face and her clothes are torn and soiled. She has a gray wool shirt and a brown skirt and—"

"What?" gasped Fowler. "Did she tell you her name?"

"No."

"Why didn't you bring her over here?" "She seemed to know where she was when she struck the Indian's camp and seemed me of doubt-encouraging her. Then a man stepped out of the brush and chased me half way to the mine."

"A man? What did he look like?"

"I couldn't see in the dark."

"Young fellow, are you telling me the truth or are you trying to mislead me?"

"No, the truth, Mr. Fowler. It's straight."

Fowler was silent for a moment.

"Did you get what I sent you for?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"Give it here."

"I won't, Mr. Fowler. It—"

"Gosh," stammered the superintendent. "Why can't you?"

"It was still tied to the dwarf and when that man chased me I never thought of it."

Fowler pushed against the desk with his paddle.

"Gosh, look!" he shouted to the men in the store. "A crowd to the Mitchell's camp as fast as you can shove him!"

Both men took their knives and Lillian was left alone on the dock.

As Fowler returned at the paddle his thoughts were conflicting. He could not, at first, get a clear idea of the possible situation. After a few minutes he began to reason logically.

"There can't be two girls like that up here," he thought. "She must have escaped, with that fellow. I know they didn't get out at the mouth. They—"

He stopped paddling and looked ahead. Then he began to move slowly and thoughtfully.

"They got through into the mine," he finally said, half aloud, "and they know. And she had been in the mine. Gosh," and he turned to his canoe. "There is a hard job for you to-night, but you'll be paid for anything you do. Understand! Anything you do."

"Anything," grinned the man, with a grin.

Fowler knew his man. He did not like to put himself in the power of another but he knew that everything depended on his protecting the girl and her companion from reaching Verdon.

To Be Continued.

Says Simon Sink,
I do not think
I could much stouter be,
Old Dutch you know,
A healthy glow
Has always given me."



On written request we will mail—free of charge—a booklet, "The Strenuous Path," containing six beautiful colored plates especially designed for young folks. "Old Dutch," 11 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Canada.



COLGATE'S COMFORTS

The largest clock in the world is on top of the Colgate Factory—diameter of face 38 feet



Find the Mis-spelled Word

SOMEWHERE in the illustration of this advertisement there is a word purposely mis-spelled.

Look the page over carefully to find the word and write us a letter telling which it is. We will then send you free, one only of the following: a dainty trial tube of Cold Cream, a trial size cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, a Colgate Shaving Stick (trial size) or a trial tube of the delicious Ribbon Dental Cream. Be sure to state which you wish—and write name and address plainly.

Only one will be sent to any one person.

The Cold Cream, Cashmere Bouquet Soap, Shaving Stick or Ribbon Dental Cream will acquaint you with the Colgate Quality—which distinguishes

- 4 Dentifrices
- 50 Perfumes
- 15 Sachet Powders
- 8 Shaving Preparations
- 9 Talc Powders
- 68 Toilet Soaps
- 22 Toilet Waters
- 7 Face Powders
- Cold Cream and other
- Colgate Comforts

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